Surviving mortals, mark this lesson well,
As none, the time when they shall die, can tell;
To this important truth let all attend,
Each minute brings us nearer to our end;
The silent grave does almost every day,
Some friend or neighbour claim as lawful prey;
While every solemn knell, which sounds their fall,
Speaks Death aloud, to you, to me, to all.

THOUGHTS IN YOUNGER LIFE.

THE COUNTRY 'SQUIRE

Walking among the TOMBS in a country CHURCH-YARD.

Memento mori.

How bleſt the man! who, ſick of gaudy ſcenes,
Scenes apt to thruſt between us and ourſelves,
Is led by choice to take his favourite walk
Amidſt Death's gloomy, ſilent, cypreſs ſhades,
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantaſtic ray,

To

BOB SHORT *The Country 'Squire* LONDON, 1781 HASKOLL COLLECTION, THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY Octavo